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Mangus, head chief of the Chiricahaus, who is enroute to Florida, jumped through a car window in Colorado, was recaptured, stabbed himself several times and made a murderous assault on the interpreter.

A CHARMING MAIDEN.

When I am racked with darting pain,
When worn and weary is my brain,
And anguish drives me most insane
With writhings energetic;
Then comes a maiden fair to me,
Successe of woe and pain is she,
All lightness, volatility,
The charming Ann Aesthetic.

Write thou sweet odes to charming maids,
Sing ballads to coquettish jades,
I'll save my choicest serenades
For one more sympathetic;
Who in the hour when wretchedness
Is sore in painfulest excess,
Soothes, charms, relieves, with soft caress,
Serene Miss Ann Aesthetic.

Your shiens fair come not where woe
Convulses with its horrid throe;
In smiles they come, in storm they go,
Like dogmas theoretic.
But, oh, the tender, blissful touch
That soothes when suffering over-much,
Serene and efficacious—such
Is matchless Ann Aesthetic.

—*Texas Siftings.*

TWO POSTAL CARDS.

The Leading Part They Played in a Romance.

Friends of the two girls often thought it was a great pity that Mrs. Arbuthnot and her husband had been appointed sole guardians of Jasper Nevins' nieces, with full care of their money as well as of the girls themselves; for Mr. Arbuthnot, though a good, well-meaning man, was as clay in the acute wife's hands, and all who knew her knew that money was the one thing she worshipped. In her way she liked these girls, whose mother had been her favorite sister, and she gave them a happy home—happy, that is, until the ever-troublesome questions about lovers began to arise.

Lilias Nevins was but little more than a year older than her sister Minnie, the two were united as twins could have been; rather too much united on one point for the comfort of their Aunt Hettie, as they called Mrs. Arbuthnot, and that was their opinion of Frank Carroll and Felipe Mariscal.

"I do declare Lilias," said Minnie one night after they had retired to their room for the night, "I can not comprehend why aunt Hettie so dotes on Mr. Mariscal; he is as sallow and thin as a man can be; he hasn't two words to say for himself; he is not particularly polite to auntie—why does she like him so much?"

"It is clear enough to me," replied Lilias, "You know Aunt Hettie was really very poor when she was young, and she dreads poverty for us; she honestly thinks she is acting for my good in giving the cold shoulder to Frank Carroll because he is a poor young book-keeper, while this Mariscal has heaps of money and fine estates in Mexico; At first I really did believe that his reputed fortune and position were all humbug; but now that auntie's inquiries have proved him to be all he pretends to be, I am not quite so uncivil to him as I was at first."

"The worst of the affair is that I fear that Mr. Mariscal intends to propose right off. I judge so from a word or two he said to uncle to-night, just before he left us. I heard uncle say: 'If my wife were here she could answer you better than I; I will tell her about it when she returns from the party she has gone to, and she will write you to-morrow.' To what but a proposal could he have referred?"

"Well, I will not marry him!" exclaimed Lilias determinedly. "I'll say 'no' right at the alter first; I'll elope with Frank first!"

"If you marry against auntie's wishes remember you forfeit all your share of the money, and Frank is not rich," answered Minnie, warningly.

"Oh, dear, so I do; well, I am in a fix! Come, let's go to bed and try to dream of some way of softening auntie's heart," said Lilias, wearily, commencing to undress. "Way, where's my watch? I do believe I left it on the library table, and I am in my bare feet—Minnie do you mind going down for it?"

Not she! Neither of the girls was one bit timid, so Minnie, who had not begun to undress, ran to the library for the watch. She was gone some minutes, and Lilias was just beginning to be alarmed about her when she returned, apologizing for her delay, saying that the evening paper had caught her eye, and she paused long enough to read over the deaths and marriages—just as any girl would.

The next morning Mrs. Arbuthnot said calmly, as if she was saying nothing at all odd:

"I will want you to go into the city with me by-and-by, Lilias, to select some new bonnets and dresses; we may as well begin to prepare for your wedding."

"For my wedding?" gasped Lilias in surprise.

"Certainly; you must know that Mr. Mariscal has been serious in the attentions he has been paying to you these last three months; your manner to him has been such that I considered that he and I and everyone are justified in taking it for granted that you are ready to become his wife. The wedding must take place quite soon, for he told my husband last night that some matters concerning his Mexican estates make it necessary for him to return home within a month, and he desires to take his wife with him."

"Really, auntie, I think he might give me a little say in the matter," cried Lilias in vexation; but said no more because Minnie trod on her foot in a very significant way, and gave her a wink which certainly meant "keep quiet." Lilias understood all her sister's signals, for Minnie, though the younger, had much more discretion and acuteness than impulsive Lilias. Exactly what plan Minnie now had she could not imagine, still she thought she would not spoil it by saying too much.

"Buy your clothes and don't contradict auntie," said Minnie, by the deaf-and-dumb alphabet; their aunt was not looking her way.

"You should remember it is not the custom in his country for a young man to speak of his intentions to any girl until her guardians have been consulted and have given their approval to his proposal; so like a well-bred Mexican, he has come to me and obtained my opinion about his suit," replied Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"And of course you can not go back of your word?" suggested Minnie, insinuatingly.

"Most certainly not. I shall abide by what I have written to Mr. Mariscal and Frank Carroll; if they are not suited with what I wrote I can not help it. I will abide by my decision, and so I have told your uncle Arbuthnot, so in case I do not get home from my trip to Paris before the very latest date set in my letter, the wedding must go on without me—or else you, Lilias, will be a pauper."

"Lilias is so impulsive, you know, Aunt Hettie, that I do wish you would write that down so she will not forget," suggested Minnie, handing a sheet of paper to Mrs. Arbuthnot, and then withdrawing it, adding: "Suppose I write it and let you sign it, as you say your eyes trouble you to-day?"

"Do so, my dear; my eyes are very bad to-day; but for them I would postpone my journey until later in the season."

So Minnie wrote: "I intend to adhere strictly and literally to the terms in which I yesterday wrote to Mr. Mariscal and Frank Carroll; if they are not suited with what I wrote I can't help it. I will abide by that decision." And to this Mrs. Arbuthnot appended her name and the date. Somewhat to Mrs. Arbuthnot's surprise, none of the family saw any thing of Mr. Mariscal all that day; and she had to start that night for New York, whence she was to sail for Paris, without seeing him again. Early the next morning there came to the house, not Mr. Mariscal, but Frank Carroll, who, to Lilias' intense amazement, greeted her as if he were her accepted lover. As soon as she could do so—that is, as soon as she could make up her mind to do so—she withdrew from his enfolding arms and exclaimed:

"Why Frank! How courageous you are, to venture here in such an assured manner, after what Aunt Hettie wrote to you!"

"Courageous?" he repeated. "I don't understand you; it is because I received her card that I am here now. I must own that I was a little surprised when I read it, though."

"What could she have said to you?" asked Lilias in amazement still.

"Here it is—read it for yourself; I only got it this morning, having been away on business, or I'd have been here last evening," he answered, handing a postal card to Lilias.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was one of those people who use a postal card for any or all purposes; she had a perfect mania for them, and could not be persuaded not to write the most confidential things upon them, so Lilias was not at all surprised that she had written her communications to the two young men on these cards, though most people prefer to send such missives in a sealed envelope. She read:

"So sorry that I can not see you to-night, I write in haste and confusion to say that I am more than willing that you should marry Lilias, and I trust that she will appreciate the compliment you have paid her—from her past treatment of you I am sure she will. At any rate, it is my desire that she marry you and no one else, on pain of my anger."

To this was appended her name and the date of the preceding day.

Lilias was mystified, Frank jubilant, Mr. Arbuthnot mildly puzzled but acquiescent, and Minnie smiling but silent. When Mr. Arbuthnot told Frank that his wife had said something about having Lilias married within a month, even though she went away, and when Lilias and Minnie agreed with him, he was only too glad to aid in carrying out her expressed wishes: so the wedding dresses were made up in a hurry, and in exactly a month after the date of her card to Frank, Mrs. Arbuthnot's older ward was married to her true love.

An hour or so after the wedding, Minnie said carelessly to Lilias:

"Did you ever hear any more of Mr. Mariscal's desire to marry you?"

"Bless me, no! I had entirely forgotten the man! Why, sure enough, didn't auntie say she had accepted his offer and—what are you laughing at, Minnie?" said Lilias.

"Do you remember the night I went down to the library to get your watch, and you wanted to know why I was gone so long? I said I had paused to read the deaths and marriages in the paper; well, that was true, but there lay on the library table two postal cards, in auntie's own writing, addressed to your two lovers. I picked them up and read them—now don't frown, postals are not private! I found that she had evidently made a mistake in addressing them, for the one bearing Mr. Mariscal's name was a very blunt request for him to keep away from you; the other Frank has shown you. I was so afraid that she would find out her mistake before she went abroad that I just opened the front door and ran out and mailed them."

Such was indeed the case. What would otherwise have been Mrs. Arbuthnot's wrath at Minnie's haste to mail the misdirected cards no one knows, but as she chanced, almost as soon as she arrived in Paris, to learn that Mariscal was already privately married, she never in any way referred to the matter, and as Frank made the best of husbands she soon forgot that she had ever been opposed to the match.

—*Francis E. Watleigh, in Boston Transcript.*

LOVE OF HOMES.

A Charming Prose Poem by Bill Arp, the Georgia Philosopher.

The love of home is not an art nor an accomplishment. It does not come from early training or education. It is the instinct of humanity. It is the gift of God. It is a pure emotion and brings joy and comfort to the humble and the great. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." No wonder that the simple song of John Howard Payne endeared him to the world. The world felt its touching, tender truth and wept a sympathetic tear. It is the want of a home that makes tramps and vagabonds and desperate men. Sometimes I think the nation could well afford to give to every father and mother a house. Besides the love of those who are dear to us there is something in the locality that affects us—something in the familiar scenes, the trees, the fields, the branches, the running spring or the generous well. We love the trees and vines that have borne us fruit or given us shade; the open fire-place that gives us welcome on a winter night; the bed that gives us rest and sleep, and the ever pleasing prospect of the distant hills and mountains that seem as if reaching up to God. Even the beasts and birds are conscious of this love of home. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," as they seek their accustomed place. The faithful, loving dog will travel miles and leagues to reach it, and the cat can not be easily weaned from the chimney corner. Man has made use of this never-failing, never-ceasing love of the carrier-pigeon, and it commands our respect and admiration when we see it released from the unwilling prison of a distant land and watch it ascend and circle and take its bearings, and then with swift and tireless wing make for its home by the nearest line.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—Our contributors may be prepared to shine in literature. We are going to burn the contents of our waste-basket.—*Burlington Free Press.*

GOVERNMENT DOCKS.

The Insignificant Capacity of the United States Yards for Dockage.

In the course of the rehabilitation of the United States navy, docks and navy yards require very serious consideration, for, after ships and guns, there are no requirements of more importance for naval purposes. The capacity of the Government yards for dockage is very insignificant, owing to which the bottoms of our ships are but seldom subjected to scrutiny, and this, above all others, is the part of the integrity of which we need to be most assured. The few docks that we have are generally appropriated by vessels under repair, and the cruising ship is debarred the use of this means of guarding her safety and providing for her speed. A very slight accident may disturb the copper on the bottom of a wooden ship, which may result in serious consequences if she be sent to cruise in waters where she will be exposed to the influence of the teredo, and the neglect to clean the bottom when loaded with grass or barnacles might so impair speed as to make the difference between capture and failure in a chase. Docking for such purposes as inspecting and cleaning the bottom is the exception in our practice, as the demands of repairs are considered paramount. A ship in which the repairs approach or lie below the water line must be placed in a dock, and months being often required to complete the work, the dock is closed to all other purposes, and our ships are frequently sent from one navy yard to another to take advantage of a dock that may be vacant.

The embarrassments that have attended this course in the past, while our fleet has consisted of copper-sheathed wooden ships, will be increased by the introduction of iron and steel hulls, which demand much more care and more frequent removals of such hinderances to speed as will attach themselves to their bottoms.

The Government has at present but three stone dry-docks and one floating-dock. The latter is in use at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; the stone docks are at the navy yards in Boston, New York and Norfolk.

A stone dock is in process of construction at Mare Island, California; this is of dimensions capable of receiving ships of the first class. Its length is 330 feet; breadth, 79 feet; depth of water over the sill, 37.6 feet, and it will admit a ship of 460 feet in length. When completed it will supply a great want on the Pacific coast.

It requires no argument to show that the Government needs a great increase in its facilities for dockage; the necessity of a plentiful supply of docks is recognized by all powers, and we can not pretend to be blind to our own deficiency. This is a want that must be provided for, but it is well to study all points that bear on the subject, and to mature some plan of operations before we embark in work which involves great expense, and the success of which must depend on the thoroughness with which all the factors are considered beforehand.—*Rear-Admiral E. Simpson, in Harper's Magazine.*

TIMBER PRESERVATION.

A Simple and Inexpensive Way of Preventing the Growth of Destructive Fungi.

The cheapest operation to protect our woods, and quite sufficient for many purposes, is to season or thoroughly dry the timber, reducing the contained moisture from eight to twelve per cent. of the weight of the wood; and when in this condition, with a circulation of air around it, to prevent the collection and absorption of moisture, the wood will last indefinitely, as the fungi can not grow in such surroundings. Every one is more or less familiar with the soundness of timber in the upper parts of buildings, while in lower parts near the foundations it is often decayed on account of moisture.

In many situations, however, where timber must be used, the conditions of growth of the fungi are present, and it will decay; some species can be used which resist the attacks of the fungi for a long period, but the final result is decay unless the wood is treated to some process preventing the growth of the fungi, which must be capable of doing either one of two things. 1. It must keep the fibers dry, preventing the absorption of moisture. 2. If the wood must be in a damp place and kept moist some antiseptic must be present, sufficient to prevent the growth of any of the various kinds of destructive fungi. Timber entirely submerged does not come under these considerations. To use the first process successfully means more than a thin coat of paint or tar on seasoned wood when exposed to continued moisture. It must be some substance which penetrates the tissues of the wood sufficiently far, in case the exterior surface is broken, to prevent any absorption of moisture. Wood impregnated with the heavy tar or the lighter oils is protected more from the fact of prevention of access of dampness to the fibers than by the contained antiseptics, unless in the exception of a great per centage of creosote. In the second method the moisture is permitted to come in contact with the fibers of the wood, and reliance depends upon the antiseptic. In this case, the entire wood should be saturated to give the greatest measure of success, not merely an exterior protection of a half-inch or so in depth, the latter fact, as before explained, being the cause of many of the failures which have taken place. The antiseptic treatment, to succeed, must destroy all the germs which have found lodgment in the timber, and also those which may come from the exterior.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Bostonese Inquisitiveness.

Mr. D——, a Western man, came East, and found at his hotel a landlady who was much interested in his personal history. He was unable to answer all her questions satisfactorily.

"Did you ever see Daniel Webster?"

"No."

"Were you born in Webster's day?"

"No."

"Well, you don't look so very old."

"No, I'm not so very old."

"Well, how old are you, anyway?"

"Old enough to mind my own affairs, and trouble nobody."

"Well, how old is that?"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Woman's Reason.

Horrified Husband—What's this I see? Another new dress?

Calm Wife—Yes; isn't it a beauty? And it only cost eighty dollars, including the ribbons.

"Eighty furies! You had one just like it last year that only cost forty."

"I know it, but dear, this was advertised as a bargain."—*Philadelphia Call.*

NEW ILLUMINANT.

The Wonderful Light-Giving Powers of the Metal Magnesium.

"Do you know," said a chemist to a reporter, "that the metal magnesium is being introduced into the United States as an illuminant as a substitute for all other lights?" The listener disclaimed any knowledge on the subject.

"Its successful introduction," continued the speaker, "will depend altogether upon the cost of its production, nothing but its high cost preventing its practical use. A few years ago it was sold at forty dollars a pound. Now, by a new process, German, it can be sold at eight dollars a pound, and there is little doubt that before long it will be produced even more cheaply."

Here the chemist took out a shining piece of what looked like a strip of watch-spring, which he ignited. As it burned it produced a powerfully brilliant light, more intense even than electricity.

"Its use will not be attended with danger like electricity, and it can be arranged so that even the remote country church or dancing hall can have it, as well as the dwellers in the great cities. It can be placed in a lamp, arranged with clock-work movements to feed a ribbon of the metal regularly. It has a white vapor, oxide of magnesium, given off by the metal in burning, which will require a smoke-bell when burned in-doors."

The chemist ignited another piece of the watch-spring, which glowed like the sun itself.

"It is said," he continued, "that a magnesium lamp of one thousand candle power throws enough light to distinguish a vessel nine miles distant. A wire the size of this equals the light of seventy-five stearine candles. This would make the cost of magnesium little more than gas, while no expensive works or street mains are required for its use, making its introduction for lighting towns and villages a very simple matter indeed. I predict that within five years the magnesium light will be as familiar a sight in many places in Indiana as the electric light is to-day in Indianapolis."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

COST OF MILK.

Interesting Experience With Various Foods and With Combinations of Foods.

Those who keep but one or two cows in the cities, villages, and at suburban homes are as much interested in the cost of the production of milk as the farmer or dairyman who feeds many. A series of careful experiments have been made at the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station to determine the cost of making milk from various foods. These were bran, shorts, corn-meal, (the refuse from glucose factories), hay, corn fodder and corn ensilage. A synopsis of the published results shows that in feeding bran or shorts, cornmeal and gluten-meal, three and a quarter pounds' weight of each were used. Two of the foods were also combined, making six and a half pounds to feed each cow daily, and at times a combination of three kinds was used, making nine and three-quarters pounds' feed daily to each cow. The remaining food was either hay, dry-corn fodder or corn ensilage. The highest amount of hay eaten by any cow in one day was twenty pounds, and of ensilage fifty-five pounds. The apparent bulk of the ensilage over the hay, as shown by weight, may be understood when it is remembered that the hay is dry while ensilage is juicy. The highest cost of milk per quart was from a liberal hay and grain feed, being two and three-tenths cents per quart. The milk produced at the lowest cost was from a moderate feeding of ensilage and corn-meal, and was but eighty-three-hundredths cents per quart. Practically, it will be seen from the above that a quart of milk produced by feeding hay and grain costs as much as two and one-fourth quarts produced by feeding ensilage and corn-meal. It is also stated that, so far as the quality of the milk was concerned, under the various conditions of feed given, no serious alteration in the composition was noticed.—*Chicago Times.*

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

Why People Should Look at the Bright and Hopeful Side of Life.

There was never a night so dark that some would not speak of the dawn, and never a day so bright that some would not think of the midnight. It is well that the enthusiast be balanced by the conservative, perhaps, on the principle that a little shade improves the tone of almost any picture. It is, however, a thankless mission that the grumbler enters upon, and his is a work that shadows his own mind and heart more than that of any other. Most of us see enough of the hard side of life, hear enough of the woe and weariness, adversity and animosity, disappointment and disaster in life, without being formally reminded thereof. The newspaper finds more readers when it announces a ship's wreck than when it chronicles a launch. Its column of obituaries is more sought for than its wedding announcements.

A firm's failure is read by a hundred persons to one who will read of an "opening," and a man who steals a thousand dollars receives more newspaper notoriety than a thousand men who should deposit a hundred thousand dollars each. It is the natural elasticity of the mind and heart that keeps the average man hopeful while the sad and evil things of life are running before his eyes or are being poured into his ears. There should be a systematic effort on the part of all people to see the bright side, speak of the hopeful things. When a majority of business men talk the dark side of finance there is a panic; when a majority of workingmen see the dark side of life there is a Nihilistic tendency. There is too much danger in every direction for any encouragement of the already too active tendency to see the evil in business and society. Let us see the bright side and call other people's attention to it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—On the northwest corner of Georgia lies the county of Dade. This is known to the neighboring regions as the free State of Dade, owing not only to the wild and mountainous character of the region whose few and scattered inhabitants are in keeping with their surroundings, but because during the war of the rebellion they openly seceded from the State of Georgia and the Confederacy and managed to secure a freedom which, says a correspondent of the Washington *Star*, they virtually maintain to-day.

—Governor Hughes, of Arkansas, was recently presented with a cane made from a limb of a tree which was planted in the State house yard at Little Rock twelve years ago by Governor Rowton.

PITH AND POINT.

—A New York man asserts that his dog can count. Probably because he's seen him figure in a scene with a young man trying to get over the fence.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—It is said Bernhardt has two ambitions. One is to get fat, the other to write good poetry. She can never fatten herself writing poetry. It is too thin.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Swift said the reason a certain university was a learned place was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—"The editor of our esteemed contemporary across the river," said a sarcastic village journalist, "is very fresh, but the malady doesn't extend to his news columns."—*Somerville Journal.*

—No, it is not hard to write funny paragraphs; all you have to do is to procure a pen, some paper and ink, and then sit down and write them as they occur to you. It is not the writing, but the occurring, that is hard.—*New Haven News.*

—A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright; but it don't scare me!"—*Exchange.*

—"As between a dog and a dude for a summer resort pet," said a young lady as a young man left her side, "give me the dog." "Why?" asked her companion. "The dog never says any thing." "Neither does the dude, does he?" "No; but he makes me tired talking so much."—*Washington Critic.*

—Customer (to drug clerk)—What do you charge for arsenic? Drug Clerk (suspiciously)—What do you want it for? Customer—I am a French candy manufacturer. Drug Clerk (suspicions allayed)—Oh. I beg pardon, sir; I thought perhaps you wanted to take it yourself.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Algernon—Do you know I don't believe there is any thing in the theowy that fish is gweat bwain food? Augustus—Why, I always supposed that was a fact. Have you eaten much fish? Algernon—O, ya-as, an awful lot. Augustus—Well, then, I guess you're right, old chap.—*The Rambler.*

—"Yes," said a Kentuckian who had been in the Far West, "Indians are powerful fond of whisky. Let 'em once get the taste of whisky an' they'll give up every thing for it. An old chief out in Western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket and I don't know what else for a pint of whisky I had with me." "And you wouldn't give it to him?" "Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whisky."—*N. Y. Sun.*

CARPET-MAKING.

More Than Four Thousand Looms Running in the United States.

Recent investigations show that there are in the United States 4,211 looms devoted mainly to the weaving of extra and medium super carpets. Of these looms 2,189 are in Philadelphia, the remainder being scattered from Auburn, N. Y., to the Eastern companies. In States they are as follows: Pennsylvania, 2,189; New York, 300; Massachusetts, 375; Connecticut, 347. The average yield of an ingrain power-loom is thirty yards per diem, and the possible yield of the entire country in extra supers is 37,899,000 yards per annum. The value of the same is, at sixty cents per yard, $22,739,400. But all ingrain power looms are not running on "extras," and allowances will be made accordingly. The growth of the brussels industry is interesting. In 1836 brussels carpets were being woven in a few cellars in Philadelphia by hand. About that time, also, the Auburn (N. Y.) State prison, under Mr. Barber, was turning out body brussels, and the old factory at Astoria, which E. S. Higgins bought in 1845, was one of the first to make brussels. The brussels manufacture, since the Bigelow loom was perfected, is familiar. Since the war the great companies at Hartford, Lowell and Clinton have assumed large proportions, and turn out each year a magnificent product in brussels, and other concerns are growing up about them. In the decade past Philadelphia has loomed and contains to-day a large proportion of the brussels machinery of the country. There are in the United States, in position or about to be placed, 1,197 brussels looms. The number in each State is as follows: Pennsylvania, 485; New York, 106; Connecticut, 103; Massachusetts, 492; New Jersey, 10. The average yield of a brussels loom is fifty yards a day, and all the brussels looms in the country running on regular time would yield 17,955,000 yards in one year, Sundays and holidays excluded. Averaging stouts and five-frame goods at $1 per yard, the value of our total brussels product would be $17,955,000. The largest tapestry-brussels concern in the United States is that of the Alexander Smith & Sons Company at Yonkers, N. Y. They have 350 looms on tapestries, and can turn out probably 455,000 yards per month.—*Philadelphia Carpet Trade.*

TICKER SUBSIDED.

Why a Newly-Married Grain Speculator Smiled a Sickly Smile.

One of the operators on the Chicago Board of Trade was married a short time ago, and, of course, the first time he appeared on the Board after his honeymoon he was subjected to many congratulations and much good-natured bantering. One of his friends, after congratulating him suddenly reached over and took a long brown hair from his shoulder.

"Looks bad in a married man, Ticker," he exclaimed, holding it up to the light.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Ticker, smiling; "it's my wife's."

"No, no; that won't do," responded the friend; "your wife's hair is darker than that."

This made Ticker a trifle angry, and he exclaimed excitedly:

"I tell you it is my wife's. I guess I know my wife's hair when I see it."

"Well, you certainly ought to," said the friend, gazing intently at it. "But are you sure it's you wife's?"

"Sure? Of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps there might be a mistake. You see, I found it on Brown's shoulder just before I saw you."

Ticker's smile was a sickly one as he invited the crowd down to the nearest bar.—*Chicago Rambler.*

—A horse thief, lately arrested in Denver, had ridden his stolen animal four hundred miles from Nebraska.

—Color-blindness is said to have been first reported in 1777.